

# Humanity's Worst Fear

by Halosobsessed1010

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-01-02 03:19:10

Updated: 2006-02-04 00:46:34

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:13:51

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 8,300

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: You've read the title. While Humanity may be safe after the war with the Covenant, are they completely safe from their worst fears? Rated T. Ch. 7 is up!

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Humanity's Worst Fear\*\***

**\*\*Prologue\*\***

It was the year 2559 â€" four years after Humanity slaughtered what remained of the Covenant, and 3 years after the alliance was made with the ex-covenant (now called URF â€" United Race of Faith). Humanity and URF are still recovering after the 30 bitter years of war.

The makings of SPARTAN III's are still underway and hope to be finished in the next 3 years or so.

Humanity thought their worst enemy was slaughtered, but their worse fear is yet to come.

**\*\*A/N: First thing. I've made up my own timeline, so don't question me about that. Yes, I know the prologue was short, but I promise you my chapters are going to be longer. Also, I haven't read any of the Halo books yet (ex: "The Fall of Reach") so tell me the details I've got wrong. Where do you even get those books? Last thing. R&R if I should continue or not. It's your decision.\*\***

## 2. Mission Prep

**\*\*Humanity's Worst Fear\*\***

**\*\*A/N: Thanks to those who kindly reviewed and wanted me to continue the story! Also, I'm changing a minor detail in the prologue (thanks**

to Agementus for pointing that out!). Oh, and sorry for the long wait. I was busy with school work and stuffâ€¦ Anyway, here's the first chapter!\*\*

John or SPARTAN -117 was walking down the narrow hallways of the Cairo after two intense hours of workout at the special SPARTAN training gym. He was sweating hard and was ready for a nice cold shower when the overhead speakers came to life.

"SPARTAN -117 please report to the bridge immediately."

"What now", he thought, "just after 2 hours at the gym".

John slowly walked to the bridge wandering what was going on. There hasn't been much action lately, as the Covenant had been defeated and the alliance with URF. He soon arrived at the bridge where marines with heavy weaponry ranging from Jackhammers to snipers. They stepped aside as the 7 foot tall SPARTAN went through the open blast door. Admiral Hood was staring at the tactical displays when John had arrived. He quickly snapped into a salute at his commanding officer, who in turn saluted back.

"Master Chief, we are facing a major dilemma right now", Hood said with concern showing in his face.

"What is it sir?" MC asked, wandering.

"Cortana, I think it will be best if you explain", said Hood turning to the projected image of a 5 year old "Smart" AI who went with MC on numerous missions.

"Of course", Cortana turned towards to the armor-less SPARTAN. "There have been numerous whispers on our long-range probes. It shows that there are Covenant frigates and Human ships alike and all of them are heavily damaged. It's a wonder that they can still move. We tried hailing them on our long-range probes, but they wouldn't respond.

Master Chief looked concerned.

"That could only mean two things," Cortana resumed, "It's either a fleet which came from who-knows-where, or-

"The Flood", MC finished, quickly catching on.

Cortana nodded grimly.

"But how could they have found Earth?" MC wandered out loud.

"We're not exactly sure they know we're here, but there's a 79.2 chance that they do." Cortana responded.

MC sighed in frustration. "If they know we're here, Humanity is in grave danger" MC realized.

"I suggest we initiate evacuation procedures right now", Cortana advised to Admiral Hood.

"I was just about to do that," Hood said. "Cortana, send ONI the information that the Flood has found us, that we suggest evacuation

right now, and send them any information we know about the Flood. I'm sure they'll want it."

"Done" Cortana said after a second or so.

"Oh, and tell the Arbiter the same thing. I think they'll want to know what's going on." Hood added.

Cortana nodded, and then disappeared.

Hood turned toward John. "Master Chief, the lives of Humanity lies on your capable hands. I hereby grant you permission to take over every Marine on this station.

MC was bewildered. "But sir-"

"No buts, Master Chief. I'm giving you an order soldier!" Hood stated sharply.

"Yes, sir!" MC replied. John went off to get suit up for battle.

-----

\_Meanwhileâ€¦\_

The Arbiter was in his quarters when the Human's AI radioed him over the intercom. "Arbiter, there's a huge problem. I suggest you get geared up."

The Arbiter nodded. He had come to trust the AI, which saved him in countless times. "What is it, Cortana?" (The Arbiter got around to using her name)

"The Flood", Cortana simply stated.

The Arbiter stopped dead in his tracks. "WHAT!"

"Just report to the bridge. Everything will be explained". Cortana responded.

The Arbiter ran to the bridge of the Cairo and met the Admiral.

"I'm sure Cortana told you that it has something to do with the Flood?" The Admiral questioned.

The Arbiter nodded.

"Well, I think they've found Earth." Hood said, concerned.

"Then I shall contact my worriers and prepare for battle."

Hood nodded in agreement. The Arbiter contacted all of URF members and told them what was going on. He ordered them to meet on the Human's home planet and get geared up. Suddenly, alarms began to ring.

"All personal, please report to both Armories." The voice talking over the speakers was definitely Hood. "You will be briefed on what is happening."

The Arbiter sped towards the nearest Armory to get weapons. To his considerable surprise, nearly everyone was there before him, even though he ran his fastest.

"Alright people," Sergeant Johnson was there, speaking over the chatters. "Here's what's going on. The Flood has found Earth-" He was cut down by surprised Marines. "-and we will destroy them one by one," Johnson continued, talking over the Marines. "Get yourself armed with bullets, but no sniper rifle. It's useless against them. No plasma weapons (since the alliance, the armories have been filled with weapons from both sides) and only frag grenades."

The Marines hustled to get themselves armed and ready for combat.

"Most of you will go down to Earth to help defend the planet, since the Flood aren't smart enough to board the stations. Once down there, your commanders will be either one of the SPARTANS-" There was excitement among the Marines for the thought of fighting alongside a SPARTAN. "-or a Sergeant, like me. Are we clear about this?" Johnson yelled.

"Sir, yes sir!" The Marines replied.

Johnson nodded with approval. "Get to the hanger bays, double time!"

In a matter of seconds, the Marines emptied the Amory and headed towards the hanger bays while Johnson headed to the bridge.

Once he arrived, John was already there with Hood and the Arbiter planning how to stop the Flood attack.

"Oh, Sergeant, you're here." Admiral Hood noticed. "Good, now we can proceed with the mission. Sergeant, we've decided to destroy all of the remaining Halos, since the Flood originates from there. Master Chief will take an Omega-classed ship with a few NOVA bombs to do that."

An Omega classed ship was rare, and new among UNSC, It was the biggest, fastest and the strongest ship ever, armed with weapons from both UNSC and Covenant alike. It has \_10 Super Mac \_guns and countless number of other weapons. There were only a few of them ever built.

"But sir, don't we need those ships for defending Earth?" Johnson questioned.

"That's why we're only taking one," Admiral responded. "Anyways, since we have the Ark at our disposal, I'll upload the locations of the remaining Halos into Cortana. The journey starts tomorrow at 0600 hours, so get some rest. That's an order. Oh, and by the way, do not tell anyone else about the mission. Consider it Black Ops."

"Sir, yes sir! They said.

Master Chief and Sergeant Johnson went back to their respective quarters. But along the way, MC met a few of his fellow SPARTAN members.

"Hey, MC, do you want to go with us to the shooting range?" Will asked.

"No, sorry. I have to get some rest, Captain's orders." MC said.

"What did you do this time to get rest?"

"It's what I'm going to do. Black Ops mission."

"Oh." They were slightly disappointed, but continued along their way.

John slept for the rest of the day and woke up at 0500 hours to do some exercises and get geared up.

\* \* \*

> <div>

### 3. The Battle For Earth I

**\*\*Humanity's Worst Fear\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Halo, Halo related characters.\*\***

**\*\*A/N: Here it is! Chapter 3! Oh, and thanks for all those kind reviews and tips you gave me! That helped a lot!\*\***

#### Chapter 3

\_Come, my minions. Come and let us grow to be undefeatable! We have found those who have released us. Let us show them how powerful we can be!\_ Gravemind of Installation 05 broadcasted his speech to the entire Flood through his thoughts. \_Soon, we shall be the most powerful creatures in this world\_.

-----

The battle for Earth has begun once again, but this time, the enemy wasn't the Covenant. The Flood was crashing ships all over Earth and came pouring out by the thousands. Civilians were immediately evacuated the minute they heard the Flood was coming. But they didn't evacuate on time. Hundreds were stranded with no means of transportation and waiting for the Flood to come and mutate them.

Back at the Cairo Station, Admiral Sir Terrence Hood was furious. He didn't expect the Flood to come to Earth so soon. "Cortana, don't you have any ways to stop the Flood for a while?"

"No, sir. Unless you call destroying every single ship that come a possibility."

"How many ships are there?"

"An estimation or the exact number?" Cortana questioned.

"Cortana, I don't have time for that. I'm really feeling stressed right now."

"Of course. There are at least 30,000 ships coming out of slipspace right now and soon more to come." Cortana reported.

"And how many ships do we have at our disposal?"

"Under 10,000."

Hood sighed in frustration. Humanity didn't usually win a battle with the odds of 3 to 1 in the favor of the enemy. It was usually the other way around. The Flood is firing their ship's weapons wildly around. They weren't accurate but it was most likely to hit someone every time they fire.

"How many ships did we lose?"

"About 40."

Hood scratched his head furiously. It shows that he had been trying to think of a way to get rid of the Flood quickly, but to no prevail. He had bags under his eyes from a week's lack of sleep, and his eyes were bloody red.

"Sir, if I may speak," Cortana stated. "It would be better if you sleep for a few hours. I'll alert you if anything important happens."

"Cortana, NO ONE, especially not an admiral, has slept through the middle of the war. Why would I be of any difference?" Hood sharply asked.

"Sorry, sir. You look very tired, and I thought if you slept, you'll have a fresher mind when you wake up." Cortana reasoned.

"No," Hood stated firmly. "Not until I think of a way to repel those freaking Flood."

"Yes, sir." Cortana said, a little disappointed.

"Cortana, go with Master Chief. He may need help gearing up." Hood ordered.

"Yes, sir," Cortana said. "Although I doubt it."

"What did you say?" Hood asked.

"Nothing," Cortana replied, then disappeared into the station's network and went to find the MC. He was easily found in the Armory, gearing up for the mission at hand. He was checking and double checking his ammo, weapons, NOVA bombs, and so on.

"Missed anyone?" Cortana asked as she appeared in the pedistrial next to the Chief.

"I know." He said without even looking up. He sighed and stood up to his full 7-feet. "Where's Johnson and the rest of the crew?" He asked.

"Johnson's in Armory B and the technicians are already in the pelican bay."

"Contact Johnson, and tell him to hurry up."

"That wouldn't be necessary." Johnson said as he walked into the Armory with his full battle gear on. He had the Automatic rifle slung over his shoulder with the standard UNSC sidearm " the pistol " in his waist belt with numerous useful tools in his pack.

"I think we're ready to go, Chief." Johnson stated. MC nodded and headed out the door to the pelican bay.

"Ok, just give me a second." MC put his hand over Cortana's image, and she instantly disappeared through MC's hand and went up to his neural network.

"You didn't change much up here," Cortana said.

MC didn't respond but grunted. "Let's go."

The group casually walked down to the pelican bay, with Cortana leading the way of the most deserted hallways (they didn't want to attract too much attention to their Black Ops mission). After 10 minutes, they've finally arrived at the pelican bay, and weren't surprised to see several pelicans up hot and running, ready to go. MC pulled the NOVA bombs up to one of the pelicans and with a grunt, lifted them into the pelican. As soon as he jumped off, the pelican door closed. MC and Johnson took off in another pelican, and the technicians in the last. They were racing towards the Omega-class ship called \_The Fate's Mercy\_ and indeed, they were racing towards their fate.

-----

The Arbiter was busy preparing his warriors for the battle that looms ahead. He armed his warriors with Energy Swords and bullet weapons. They and the Humans were stationed on every country in the world. They had every military vehicle at their disposal, but they were losing nevertheless.

"Arbiter! We have confirmed reports that we are losing warriors by the dozen!" A Spec Ops Commander reported to the Arbiter. The Arbiter sighed (or very close to it) in frustration. "Arbiter, if I may speak, why do we have to defend this Human planet?" The commander asked.

"Commander, it clearly shows that you still have hatred for the Humans. You must get rid of it! For the millionth time, the Prophets have betrayed us! Didn't you listen to my speech at the beginning of the URF?"

The Commander was shocked at the outburst. Not many people saw the Arbiter burst out like that. "My apologies, Arbiter. I was just curious."

"Just get out of my sight. Oh, and tell your warriors that they must protect the Humans at all cost! If the Humans die before your warriors do, I'll have them hanged for treason!" The Arbiter

declared.

"O- Of course, Arbiter." The Spec Ops Commander stuttered, and then hurried out the door.

The Arbiter sighed. He didn't know why, after all these years, some warriors didn't put away their hatred for the Humans. Sure, they've listened to the speech about how the Prophets have betrayed them, but they still have hatred in their hearts. Maybe he would teach them a lesson when this nonsense with the Flood is over.

Suddenly, he heard explosions outside of his tent. He ran out the door only to see several combat forms a distance away holding what looked like rocket launchers, pointing it at the tent. The Arbiter yelled at the top of his lungs, took out his Energy Sword, and charged at them. The Flood has landed near the Human ONI headquarters.

**\*\*A/N: Review please! Was this too short? Was this kind of boring? Review!\*\***

**\*\***

**\* \* \***

><strong>

#### 4. The Battle For Earth II

**\*\*Humanity's Worst Fear\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Halo or Halo related characters. \*\***

**\*\*A/N: Here's Chapter 4!\*\***

#### Chapter 4

"All personal, please prepare for a slipspace jump. All nonessential personal, please report to the cryo bays." The overhead speakers with the voice of Cortana said. Master Chief, Sergeant Johnson, and technicians were on The Fate's Mercy, an Omega-classed ship, the strongest classed ship in the UNSC. The crew capacity of the ship was more than 1,000, but ONI didn't want to waste good marines to the Flood (just in case), so there were only 100 crew members or so. About half are them are in cryo sleep, while the other half make sure the ship is in good working condition.

"Cortana, do a system's check of the ship. Make sure we don't have anything wrong." MC ordered.

"Yes, Captain." Cortana replied. "All systems are operating at peak efficiency."

MC nodded in approval. "Get us in to Slipspace. Our destination is Beta Halo."

"Yes, sir." Cortana said, and disappeared for a few seconds, then reappeared. "All hands, we are heading into Slipspace in

5â€|4â€|3â€|2â€|1â€|NOW!" As she said the word, there was green and blue light surrounding the 10 kilometer long ship. The ship tore a hole in space, and forced itself in. There was a blinding light as the advanced Covenant/Human slipspace drive kicked in and the ship disappeared.

-----  
\_Meanwhileâ€|\_

"Sir, the ship is now in slipspace, headed toward Beta Halo." A "dumb" AI said to Admiral Hood. Hood just nodded in approval. He liked Cortana better than Jake, the AI who was monitoring the station's functions now. Jake was "dumb" so he didn't have any sense of humor, didn't try to make a conversation; he just did what he was supposed to do. Right now, he was busy this station was safe, and firing the MAC cannons at every ship unfortunate enough to get in the \_Cairo\_'s kill zone. It appears that he is doing a good job.

Anyways Hood took a last glance at the tactical display. He sighed and headed towards his quarters when the klaxon alarms began to ring. He ran back to the tactical display and nearly fell unconscious at what he saw. "Jake, tell me what is happening right NOW."

"Sir, there appears that 10 capitol ships are locking onto us with plasma torpedoes."

"What? The Flood is actually locking on?"

"It appears so, sir". John said, emotionless.

Hood scratched his head furiously. "Tell our defense cluster to fire on those 10 ships."

"Sir, the other stations are too busy keeping the Flood at bay from landing on Earth. We can't let them all land on Earth. About 50 percent have gone through."

"Then fire with all we have!" Hood said, annoyed. Maybe he was too used with Cortana hereâ€|.

"Yes, sir."

"And give me a damage report on those ships when you are finished. Make sure they are all completely destroyed."

"Yes, sir." Then Jake disappeared. A few minutes later, and a few violent shakings later, Jake reappeared. "Sir, all ships are destroyed but two of them managed to fire. Time of impact is in 5 seconds."

Hood pressed the announcement button. "All hands, brace for impact!"

-----  
\_Meanwhileâ€|\_

The Arbiter was furiously fighting the Flood which the stations let them slip through. He had already lost half of his troops, and many

more are injured. He just hoped that they weren't infected with the parasite.

"Remember warriors, aim for the chest!" He shouted over the sound of combat. He fired the Human shotgun at a Flood combat form sneaking from behind. The infection form within popped and the host was rendered useless. The Arbiter tried to fire again, but the sound of clicking made him throw the weapon on the ground and he took his carbine out. He angrily reloaded it with a fresh cell, and fired at an infection form sneaking behind a Human. The infection form popped, and the Human gave the Arbiter a thank-you nod and quickly focused on another Flood. \_These Humans can fight well, but they don't watch their backs. Maybe I should teach them to have a sixth sense when this battle is over\_, the Arbiter thought as he open fired on a combat form holding a Rocket Launcher.

He was getting tired at the 5-hour straight battle. He was ordered to defend this Human base at all costs. He was only supplied with a few Marines to defend it. They were faring the situation well, even in the given circumstances. \_Maybe I'm wrong. These Humans are tougher than I thought.\_ He thought as he blew up several combat forms with his newfound rocket launcher. He reloaded quickly and faced a long day of battle.

-----  
Hood was furious. Ships came pouring out by the hundreds and the Humans were losing. The odds were getting worse by every slipspace rupture. The odds were approximately 10 to one, of course on the enemy's favor. "Jake!" Hood hollered.

"Yes, sir?" Jake asked as he appeared on a pedestrian.

"Give me a firing solution on that ship that is locking on to us!"

"Yes, sir." Then Jake disappeared.

30 seconds passed, but the AI didn't appear.

"Jake!" Hood hollered again. But no response came. "Urgh. No need to worry about him now. Weapons! Get me a firing solution now!"

"Yes, sir!" A bridge officer stationed at firing control said.

No respond came for a few seconds. "What now?" Hood said, enraged.

"Sir, I'm trying my best, but the system locked me out. I can't access the MAC cannon, or any other weapon!"

Hood's face was turning dark red. "Jake! Where the beep! are you?" Again, no response came. Just then, the plasma torpedo that was locked on hit the station. Violent shaking was happening for a few seconds.

"Sir, hull breaches from deck 10-32! I'm trying to seal them now, but the computer won't let me in!"

"JAKE!" You could actually see steam coming out from his purple ears.

"Find Jake right now!"

"But what about the hull breaches?"

"Just do it NOW!" Hood ordered.

"Yes, sir!" The technician was typing on his keyboard to access the system, but to no avail. After a few minutes of useless typing, the technician yelled above the alarms "Sir! I tried my best but I can't get in!"

"Jakeâ€¦. I'll get himâ€¦" Hood made a silent promise. Then he punched the station-wide announcement button. "All hands, this is the captain! Abandon station now!" But the speakers didn't work. "Urghâ€¦" His face was turning black. Everyone was scared. No one has seen the Admiral this angry before. Relying on a silent order that they knew was coming, they started working feverishly to seal the hull breaches and gain control back of the ship.

"Sir! Sensors report our MAC cannons are now targeting another station!"

"STOP THE CANNON!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"We're trying sir, but its not working!" The bridge-worker said frantically.

"Get me communications NOW!" Hood thought that if this is not going to work, they are all doomed.

"No communications, either, sir."

Hood sighed deeply. "Then we can at least save good lives. Sweep this station and get everybody out of here! Give the injured the top-priority."

"Yes, sir." The tactical officer went to open the blast door, but it didn't work. He tried several times, but to no prevails. He started to turn around to the Admiral, but he spoke first. 'Let me guess. The door doesn't work." The tactical officer just nodded grimly.

"Sir! The MAC gun is starting to fire! Estimated time of impact to \_The Glory Field\_ is under 10 seconds!"

"I'll take anyone's suggestions." The Admiral was unusually calm all of a sudden.

"The only plan I can think of is self-destruction of the \_Cairo\_." A random Marine on the bridge said.

"Any other suggestions?" The Admiral asked with a grim face. "No? Then I think we should do it."

-----

\_From another stationâ€¦\_

"Sir, it looks like the Cairo is targeting \_us\_!" A tech said.

"What? Get me a secure link to the \_Cairo\_!" The Admiral of the station said.

"No link can be made, sir! Looks like the communications grid is down." Another tech said.

"Then get the plasma cannons targeted at the MAC round! Get me a firing solution when the round is fired." The young Admiral said.

"Yes, sir." The tech worked feverishly to get a firing solution before the round was fired. Just then, a huge explosion was heard and seen. The battle stopped. Enemies and allies all stopped the battle for a few seconds to watch the \_Cairo\_ blow. The explosion was enormous, three times bigger than the station itself. They were in awe.

-----

\_Meanwhileâ€|\_

Jake the AI teleported his data chip just in time. He didn't have enough privileges to stop the self-destruction. He was in another station, this time \_The Glory Field\_. Maybe he would have another chanceâ€|.

\*\*A/N: A twist is going on hereâ€| is it? Anyways, R&R if I should continue or not. Any comments or criticisms would be appreciated. I should have the next chapter up in a few weeks or so. School work and stuff you knowâ€| Urghâ€|\*\*

\* \* \*

> <div>

## 5. Mission Commerce

**\*\*Humanity's Worst Fear\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Halo or Halo related characters.  
\*\***

**\*\*A/N: Here's Chapter 4!\*\***

### Chapter 4

"All personal, please prepare for a slipspace jump. All nonessential personal, please report to the cryo bays." The overhead speakers with the voice of Cortana said. Master Chief, Sergeant Johnson, and technicians were on \_The Fate's Mercy\_, an Omega-classed ship, the strongest classed ship in the UNSC. The crew capacity of the ship was more than 1,000, but ONI didn't want to waste good marines to the Flood (just in case), so there were only 100 crew members or so. About half are them are in cryo sleep, while the other half make sure the ship is in good working condition.

"Cortana, do a system's check of the ship. Make sure we don't have anything wrong." MC ordered.

"Yes, \_Captain\_." Cortana replied. "All systems are operating at peak efficiency."

MC nodded in approval. "Get us in to Slipspace. Our destination is Beta Halo."

"Yes, \_sir\_." Cortana said, and disappeared for a few seconds, then reappeared. "All hands, we are heading into Slipspace in 5â€|4â€|3â€|2â€|1â€|NOW!" As she said the word, there was green and blue light surrounding the 10 kilometer long ship. The ship tore a hole in space, and forced itself in. There was a blinding light as the advanced Covenant/Human slipspace drive kicked in and the ship disappeared.

-----

\_Meanwhileâ€|\_

"Sir, the ship is now in slipspace, headed toward Beta Halo." A "dumb" AI said to Admiral Hood. Hood just nodded in approval. He liked Cortana better than Jake, the AI who was monitoring the station's functions now. Jake was "dumb" so he didn't have any sense of humor, didn't try to make a conversation; he just did what he was supposed to do. Right now, he was busy this station was safe, and firing the MAC cannons at every ship unfortunate enough to get in the \_Cairo\_'s kill zone. It appears that he is doing a good job.

Anyways Hood took a last glance at the tactical display. He sighed and headed towards his quarters when the klaxon alarms began to ring. He ran back to the tactical display and nearly fell unconscious at what he saw. "Jake, tell me what is happening right NOW."

"Sir, there appears that 10 capitol ships are locking onto us with plasma torpedoes."

"What? The Flood is actually locking on?"

"It appears so, sir". John said, emotionless.

Hood scratched his head furiously. "Tell our defense cluster to fire on those 10 ships."

"Sir, the other stations are too busy keeping the Flood at bay from landing on Earth. We can't let them all land on Earth. About 50 percent have gone through."

"Then fire with all we have!" Hood said, annoyed. Maybe he was too used with Cortana hereâ€|.

"Yes, sir."

"And give me a damage report on those ships when you are finished. Make sure they are all completely destroyed."

"Yes, sir." Then Jake disappeared. A few minutes later, and a few violent shakings later, Jake reappeared. "Sir, all ships are destroyed but two of them managed to fire. Time of impact is in 5 seconds."

Hood pressed the announcement button. "All hands, brace for

impact!"

-----  
\_Meanwhile\_

The Arbiter was furiously fighting the Flood which the stations let them slip through. He had already lost half of his troops, and many more are injured. He just hoped that they weren't infected with the parasite.

"Remember warriors, aim for the chest!" He shouted over the sound of combat. He fired the Human shotgun at a Flood combat form sneaking from behind. The infection form within popped and the host was rendered useless. The Arbiter tried to fire again, but the sound of clicking made him throw the weapon on the ground and he took his carbine out. He angrily reloaded it with a fresh cell, and fired at an infection form sneaking behind a Human. The infection form popped, and the Human gave the Arbiter a thank-you nod and quickly focused on another Flood. \_These Humans can fight well, but they don't watch their backs. Maybe I should teach them to have a sixth sense when this battle is over\_, the Arbiter thought as he open fired on a combat form holding a Rocket Launcher.

He was getting tired at the 5-hour straight battle. He was ordered to defend this Human base at all costs. He was only supplied with a few Marines to defend it. They were faring the situation well, even in the given circumstances. \_Maybe I'm wrong. These Humans are tougher than I thought.\_ He thought as he blew up several combat forms with his newfound rocket launcher. He reloaded quickly and faced a long day of battle.

-----  
Hood was furious. Ships came pouring out by the hundreds and the Humans were losing. The odds were getting worse by every slipspace rupture. The odds were approximately 10 to one, of course on the enemy's favor. "Jake!" Hood hollered.

"Yes, sir?" Jake asked as he appeared on a pedestrian.

"Give me a firing solution on that ship that is locking on to us!"

"Yes, sir." Then Jake disappeared.

30 seconds passed, but the AI didn't appear.

"Jake!" Hood hollered again. But no response came. "Urgh. No need to worry about him now. Weapons! Get me a firing solution now!"

"Yes, sir!" A bridge officer stationed at firing control said.

No respond came for a few seconds. "What now?" Hood said, enraged.

"Sir, I'm trying my best, but the system locked me out. I can't access the MAC cannon, or any other weapon!"

Hood's face was turning dark red. "Jake! Where the beep! are you?"

Again, no response came. Just then, the plasma torpedo that was locked on hit the station. Violent shaking was happening for a few seconds.

"Sir, hull breaches from deck 10-32! I'm trying to seal them now, but the computer won't let me in!"

"JAKE!" You could actually see steam coming out from his purple ears. "Find Jake right now!"

"But what about the hull breaches?"

"Just do it NOW!" Hood ordered.

"Yes, sir!" The technician was typing on his keyboard to access the system, but to no avail. After a few minutes of useless typing, the technician yelled above the alarms "Sir! I tried my best but I can't get in!"

"Jakeâ€¦. I'll get himâ€¦" Hood made a silent promise. Then he punched the station-wide announcement button. "All hands, this is the captain! Abandon station now!" But the speakers didn't work. "Urghâ€¦" His face was turning black. Everyone was scared. No one has seen the Admiral this angry before. Relying on a silent order that they knew was coming, they started working feverishly to seal the hull breaches and gain control back of the ship.

"Sir! Sensors report our MAC cannons are now targeting another station!"

"STOP THE CANNON!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"We're trying sir, but its not working!" The bridge-worker said frantically.

"Get me communications NOW!" Hood thought that if this is not going to work, they are all doomed.

"No communications, either, sir."

Hood sighed deeply. "Then we can at least save good lives. Sweep this station and get everybody out of here! Give the injured the top-priority."

"Yes, sir." The tactical officer went to open the blast door, but it didn't work. He tried several times, but to no prevails. He started to turn around to the Admiral, but he spoke first. 'Let me guess. The door doesn't work." The tactical officer just nodded grimly.

"Sir! The MAC gun is starting to fire! Estimated time of impact to \_The Glory Field\_ is under 10 seconds!"

"I'll take anyone's suggestions." The Admiral was unusually calm all of a sudden.

"The only plan I can think of is self-destruction of the \_Cairo\_." A random Marine on the bridge said.

"Any other suggestions?" The Admiral asked with a grim face. "No? Then I think we should do it."

-----

\_From another stationâ€|\_

"Sir, it looks like the Cairo is targeting \_us\_!" A tech said.

"What? Get me a secure link to the \_Cairo\_!" The Admiral of the station said.

"No link can be made, sir! Looks like the communications grid is down." Another tech said.

"Then get the plasma cannons targeted at the MAC round! Get me a firing solution when the round is fired." The young Admiral said.

"Yes, sir." The tech worked feverishly to get a firing solution before the round was fired. Just then, a huge explosion was heard and seen. The battle stopped. Enemies and allies all stopped the battle for a few seconds to watch the \_Cairo\_ blow. The explosion was enormous, three times bigger than the station itself. They were in awe.

-----

\_Meanwhileâ€|\_

Jake the AI teleported his data chip just in time. He didn't have enough privileges to stop the self-destruction. He was in another station, this time \_The Glory Field\_. Maybe he would have another chanceâ€|.

\*\*A/N: A twist is going on hereâ€| is it? Anyways, R&R if I should continue or not. Any comments or criticisms would be appreciated. I should have the next chapter up in a few weeks or so. School work and stuff you knowâ€| Urghâ€|\*\*

\* \* \*

> <div>

## 6. The Flood Attack

**\*\*Humanity's Worst Fear\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Halo or Halo related characters.\*\***

**\*\*A/N: Here's chapter 6! Enjoy!\*\***

### Chapter 6

After the \_Cairo\_ has self-destructed, the tide of the Human-Flood war was turning into the enemy's favor. More and more ships were passing through the defense grid, and were crashing on every continent on Earth. The Spartans were doing their best, but it was hopeless. Only about the half of the civilian population were

evacuated, but the other half was lost to the Flood, and thus, the Flood population was increased drastically. The Humans and URF were losing soldiers/warriors by the dozen. This war is worse than the Human/Covenant war.

Back in the \_Glory's Field\_, technicians were "tending" to Jake, the AI from the \_Cairo\_. Jake was acting like a regular "dumb" AI. He was telling lies about what happened at the station. He would have to wait until the timing was perfectâ€|

-----  
"Chief. I have new contacts." Cortana informed MC, as they were in slipspace, heading towards Charlie Halo.

"What is it, Cortana?" Chief asked.

"I'm detecting numerous whispers at our destination. It's the Covenant." Cortana said.

"Well, you know what to do, Cortana. Prepare to give them a warm welcome." MC ordered. Cortana nodded, and then disappeared. A few seconds later, the sound of MAC guns activating, and torpedo bays charging could be heard throughout the ship.

"Cortana, give me a full report of the ship's weapon. I want to know how every single weapons are doing."

"I thought you'll never ask". Cortana responded. She liked people that acted smart, like her. "All 10 MAC guns have been successfully charged. The 4 plasma torpedo bays are at 100 percent. Anti-boarding weapons are fully activated. Anchor pods A through Z are ready to fire. Combat alert has been activated. In other words, we're ready." Cortana finished, almost breathless.

"What's our ETA?" MC said.

"About 15 more minutes." Cortana responded.

"Get those MAC guns, and plasma cannons on-line double time!" MC ordered.

Cortana nodded, then disappeared. MC walked over to the communications station, then pressed the ship wide announcement button. "Sergeant Johnson, please report to the Bridge immediately."

Shortly after, Johnson appeared on the Bridge, panting. "What is it, Chief?" He asked.

"We'll be in battle in 15 minutes. I suggest you get ready to go."

Johnson didn't like the Chief ordering him around, but who was going to stop a 7-foot tall, heavily armed, walking tank with armor? He just nodded and headed toward Armory A, which was about a half mile jog from the bridge.

"Get us out of slipspace, weapons blazing." He ordered. Cortana nodded, then disappeared to get firing solutions at the target

that'll be there. She reappeared moments later. "We're ready." She simply stated.

MC nodded, then said, "Get us out of slipspace."

The Fate's Mercy shot us out of slipspace with weapons blazing. 10 Covenant ships were immediately destroyed from the MAC rounds. 4 more didn't even have a chance to look at who the intruder was before they were destroyed from the plasma torpedoes. A few more only managed to get turned around to get a hail of Anchor missiles to their "face". The remaining group tried to flee, but were cut down by another 10 MAC rounds that were reloaded immediately after they fired. In a few seconds, the battle was over.

"That was easy" MC commented.

"You tell me." Cortana responded.

"But why was the Covenant here?" MC questioned.

"Beats me." Cortana said grimly. "UNSC's long range probes should have detected space way beyond here, of course including here. But oddly, it didn't."

"Cortana, can't you contact the Cairo?" Johnson asked.

"No, but I can contact the Glory's Field, another MAC station in the defense group." Cortana responded.

MC nodded. "Contact them. Tell them what's going on here and ask them why we can't reach the Cairo."

"Done." She said. The Fate's Mercy slowly drifted in orbit around Charlie Halo, 10,000 kilometers in diameter. What was to become of the Halo, nobody knows.

-----

Back on the Glory's Field

"Sir, we're getting a transmission. It's from the Fate's Mercy!" A bridge officer reported to Admiral Comb.

"Get it on the main view screen." He ordered. There was a burst of static on the screen, and then it cleared up. Cortana was seen facing the screen.

"Admiral Comb, I presume." She greeted him. The Admiral only grunted.

"What is it, Cortana?" Comb asked.

"Sir, I can't seem to contact the Cairo. Is anything going wrong there?" She asked.

Comb answered, "Cortana, I'm afraid I have bad news. The Cairo has self-destructed. Right before that, she tried to fire a MAC round at us. I don't know what the heck happened in there, but it did. No one survived. But luckily, no SPARTANS were in there." Comb had a favor for those behemoth super-soldiers.

Cortana was silent for several moments, then said, "Sir, we have contacted and successfully eliminated the Covenant who had been stationed around Charlie Halo. It was well in the UNSC and ONI sensors. Didn't you detect it?"

"We've should have detected it. I'll contact on top Brass. I'll see what they'll have to say.

"Yes, sir."

"By the way Cortana, good luck." Comb said soothingly.

"Same to you, sir." Cortana responded.

Comb nodded in approval. "Comb out."

The view screen flickered, then it returned to show the battle at hand. Admiral Comb sighed. It was going to be a very long day, and battle.

-----

Cortana relayed Admiral's Comb information to the rest of the crew. Most of them were in shock. All of them had friends onboard the MAC station.

"That's why we need to work hard, crewmen!" Johnson barked. He had quickly gotten over the shock. "If we work harder, we will win this damn battle once and for all!" He shouted like the kings in ancient Human history. They all cheered and headed back to their stations, ready for any damage the ship might received. They were all determined to help avenge their fallen friends.

Johnson was busily arming himself with his favorite weapons when the Chief stepped in.

"How did the battle go, Chief?" Johnson asked him as the Chief went straight over to the weapons rack.

"The battle was over in 10 seconds," He said. "I'm just glad we brought the strongest-classed ship available in the UNSC." Chief purely detested space battles. He didn't have control over it, as he did on solid ground. He had to rely on the ship for dear life.

"Yeah, well, it figures," Johnson responded, knowing the Chief's only weakness (space battles). "No one can destroy this son-of-a-bitch. Heck, it's made of purely Titanium A material, enforced with the Forerunner's ancient walls. It's completed with the newest version of energy shielding!"

"Uh, Sergeant, don't you think the Chief already knows that?" Cortana said over the intercom.

"I just wanted to make a point." He replied.

"Anyways, we'll be over the target in about 10 minutes. Do you want pelicans or phantoms?" She asked.

"The phantoms, if you can." Johnson promptly replied.

Cortana nodded. "Then I suggest you double-time it to the pelican bay."

They both nodded, and after quickly triple-checking that they have all the gears they need, they ran to pelican bay A. When they arrived, a phantom was already in the air, with the gravity beam activated.

"Let's go." Chief said. They heaved the gears into the beam, and the anti-gravity took over immediately. They were last to go inside the spacious phantom. The phantom turned, and blasted out of the hanger bay.

-----

\_Meanwhile inside the Glory's Fieldâ€|\_

Jake was slowly changing the station's data, but not too much so the engineers would notice. The research data was slightly changed, so the scientists were puzzled at why their experiments were not working. They rechecked their results from the last experiment and retested, but to no prevail.

Jake was having fun tampering with the ship-wide systems. He made sure the technicians were not suspicious of him. The Admiral of \_The Glory's Field\_ had replaced the old AI with Jake, which means he had full control over the station. He was going to act soonâ€| \_very soon\_.

\*\*A/N: I had a major writer's block, so sorry if it was shorter and more boring than the last chapters. I'm getting busier with my stupid schoolâ€| (growl) Anyways expect way more fun and action in the next chapter!\*\*

\* \* \*

> <div>

## 7. The Executer

**\*\*Humanity's Worst Fear\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own any of the Halo or Halo related characters. Consult Bungie and/or Microsoft for more information\*\*

**\*\*A/N:** I've finally got all three Halo books! Yay! I've already read all of them. Now I know what's going on. Anyways, as I promised, this chapter will have lots of adventures. I promise you.\*\*

### Chapter 7

"Evasive maneuvers!" Commander Keys ordered on her own ship, the \_Executer\_. She got lucky, because it was an Omega-classed ship. Her ship had been a great help defending Earth from the Flood. She had destroyed 15 ships without taking a single hit.

The \_Executer\_ turned sharp right as it narrowly missed a plasma torpedo from a Flood-controlled carrier.

"Destroy that carrier! Fire at will!" She ordered. The dull sound of the MAC gun firing could be heard. Then soon enough, the MAC gun hit squarely on the target. The carrier exploded to hell. The crew cheered for the winning streak. 16 targets destroyed by one Omega-classed ship. This was their lucky day.

"Lock on to those big ships and fire at will using all weapons" Keys ordered.

The weapons officer worked furiously to get weapons solutions on multiple ships. Since this ship was fresh from the shipyards and this is her first battle, UNSC didn't issue her an AI yet. They'll have to do without the AI.'s help and to tell the truth, they were faring well. All the ship's weapons fired, and at least 14 more flood-controlled ships destroyed.

The \_Executer\_ had a similar layout as the \_Fate's Mercy\_. Standard weapons include 10 Super MAC guns, 4 plasma torpedo bays, anti-boarding weaponry, and others. But Commander Keys, daughter of Captain Keys, requested a non-standard weapon to be installed on her ship. That weapon is the particle beam rifle, only 100 times larger, and stronger. This weapon is useful to destroy lone ships and can fire rapidly without overheating. Anyways, the ship-mounted beam rifle was charging up to fire at a small target that was headed straight for them.

"Ma'am! I'm detecting hundreds of boarding crafts headed straight towards us!" A bridge tactical officer reported.

"But I thought the Flood weren't smart enough to board ships." Keys said.

"I don't know anything about that, but it looks like they are going to board our ships!" The officer said. "And we don't have time to destroy them all."

"Destroy whatever crafts you can, and sound boarding alert." Keys ordered.

"Yes, ma'am!" The officer prepared to fire on the ships, while sounding boarding alert at the same time. The alarms began to ring, and the speakers came to life. "All combat personal. We have enemy Flood ships inbound and are going to board this ship. You know what to do boys. All non-combat personal, please report to one of the safe stations."

A "safe station" was a basically a huge room, surrounded by 3-feet of pure titanium A wall with a single blast-door separating the room from the rest of the ship. It could be launched into space, if the rest of the ship got overwhelmed. It was a huge escape pod.

Marines in the lower decks ran to their action-stations with their weapons fully loaded and ready to go.

"Ma'am, reports say that we're ready." An officer said.

"Are the anti-boarding weapons ready?" Keys questioned.

"Yes, ma'am. They are fully charged."

"Then lets give them a big welcome." She replied.

Anti-boarding weapons are a combination of bullet-firing weapons and plasma-weapons. They are so small, that you could barely see them, and they were hundreds of them located on the outer hulls of the ship.

Soon enough, boarding crafts tried to get near the ship, but the guns cut them down. A few of them got past, and latched onto the ship.

"Ma'am! Boarding crafts have latched onto decks 2, 5, and 19!" The tactical officer replied.

"Then activate the auto-cannons." Keys replied. "Help those Marines."

The officer nodded and did what he was told to do. Ship-wide auto machine-gun turrets and plasma cannons activated through out the ship. They were used for defending boarders.

"How many boarding ships?" asked Keys.

The officer fumbled and scanned the reports briefly. "You won't like it." He said finally.

"Tell me, NOW." Keys persisted.

"At least 50 boarding ships full of the Flood have successfully latched on." He responded.

"Didn't the anti-boarding guns take most of them out?" She asked.

"I guess there were too many." He said.

"How are the Marines doing?" She questioned.

"I'm getting reports that one quarter are lost to the Flood. The rest have successfully barricaded themselves. They are safe for now."

Keys nodded in approval. "Initiate section-by-section barriers."

Hundreds of blast doors closed in section by section, rendering the Flood trapped.

"Blast doors have successfully closed." Another officer said.

"Now activate section-by-section target elimination process." Keys ordered.

Then hundreds of flamethrowers appeared in the ceilings in sections where the Flood were located. They successfully eliminated the threats in those individual sections. Seconds later, there were absolutely no Flood whatsoever on the \_Executer\_.

"Now this is the power of technology!" The weapons officer exclaimed.  
Keys only nodded in approval.

"Double-scan this entire ship. Make sure every \_single\_ flood has  
disappeared for good." She ordered.

"Ma'am, scan has been initiated. No Flood has been recorded on the  
ship. We're safe, for now."

Oh, how wrong they were.

-----

\_The lone infection tunnel had been hiding behind one of the sensors,  
the only blind spot it had. He was hungry, very hungry. It scurried  
off to some sizable mealâ€¦|\_

\*\*A/N: I'm not continuing this story. I don't have the time. Sorry,  
but I have to do this.\*\*

\* \* \*

> <div>

End  
file.